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It Isn't A Fairytale, But It's Nice

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A SECOND LOOK

*I never really looked at flowers
till now
With one hand on my brow
I sit here wondering how*

*The roses set before me
Seem so special now*

*They surely weren't arranged
Somehow I find it strange*

*All but one have bloomed
That lone bud will open soon*

— Richard Hay, Sr.

IT ISN'T A FAIRYTALE, BUT IT'S NICE

*It isn't a fairytale.
Did we ever court?
It can't be a wedding,
the guest list is too abbreviated.
Yet today I will take you,
nearly for wife,
perhaps for most of our lives.
Linger awhile,
we've special moments ahead,
memories to create,
and courses to set.
Material moderation,
no lace gown, no church.
Just we essentials,
and a speck, even rented,
peaceful, our somewhere on earth.
We are each others burden,
to be carried in bliss,
as light as true caring,
eased upward by trust.
Forever is long,
longer than I can know.
Let's deal in tomorrows,
look
one's already here!
So today I will take you,
nearly for wife,
for friend, intimate and lover,
perhaps for most of our lives.
Did I tell you that yesterday?
Have we already shared?
We will encore tomorrow,
should both of us so yearn.
We fill each others void well,
and though no fairytale this,
to trust, trust completely
is a treasure from youth.*

— J.B. Korwel

TOMORROWS BATTLE

*The Indian and the Trooper
had been friends for many a year*

*Today they met in secret
and discussed the coming battle*

*Both were fluent in each others
tongue*

*They argued the outcome
of tomorrow's fray*

*The Indian bragged of his fearless
allies*

And in his turn so did the Trooper

*So proud was each
one of his General
the other of his chief*

*As night drew near
they wished each other
luck and reaffirmed
their eternal friendship*

Both were killed the following day

— Richard Hay, Sr.

*For millions
of years
you have
stripped our
matriarchal systems
to the bone,
discarding us
like Jews
thrown into open
graves,
trying to bury us.
But it is
difficult
isn't it?
The blood keeps
rising
to the surface.
The voice
continues
to speak.
Like a roach
our tolerance
grows stronger
with each
new application
of your
insecticidal fears.*

— Kathy Corra

SOLO

*I arrive at the open green field where she waits for me.
The bright rays of the summer can reflect off her skin.
She says not a word as I move my hands over her smooth
body.
I enter her and take control.
Her every movement is by my command.
We leave the constrictions of the earth as we take to the sky.
It's only the two of us among the clouds of white,
and the skies of blue.
We climb and fall, we move in and out, up and down,
speed and glide, we are one.
Our only restriction finds us, it is time of light.
We have used our day's quota and to earth we glide.
I release my gentle hold on her as we descend to the cold
darkened earth.
I leave her now, across the field of light I once knew
to let her sleep on in night's hand.
Off I go, to dream of the time when we'll be together again.*

— Brian Murphy